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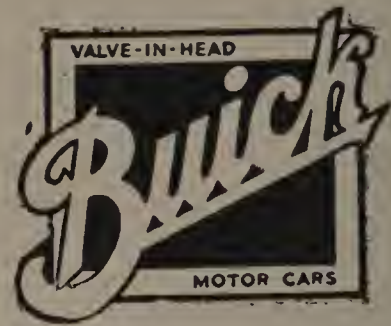
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THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Published by Students of Fairhaven High School

VOL. 5

FALL ISSUE

No. 1

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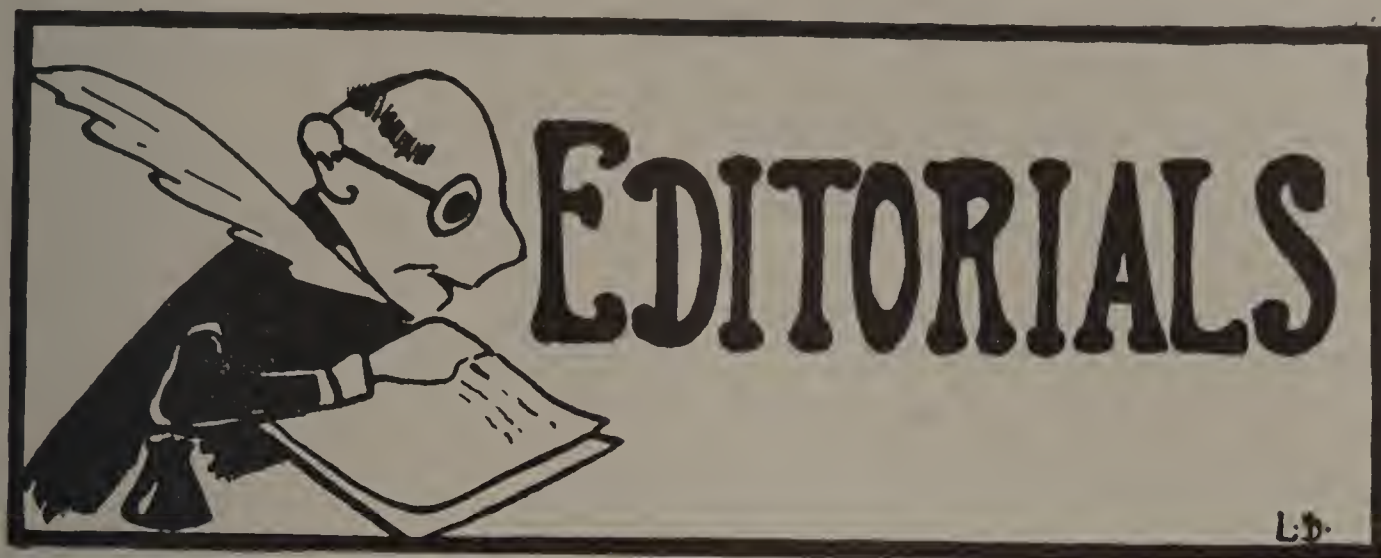
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The introduction of soccer into the list of sports is in the nature of an experiment. The question to be decided is whether we, a small school, can carry on two sports at once. A goodly number are already practicing under the capable instruction of Mr. Best, while more are expected out as soon as the rugby season has closed. Let's make this new sport a success by going out for it and supporting it!

Fred Simmons and his squad seem to be handling the traffic between classes very well this year, in spite of the fact that several radical changes have been adopted.

Somehow or other, we would like to say how much we like Mr. Borah. The systems he has established, and the results he has obtained during the short time he has been here are wonderful. There are other sports on the way and we should all help Mr. Borah to keep up the good work.

Hail to the school debating society! May it have a long and successful life, and it surely will if its success can be foretold by the number who reported for the first meeting. We have many societies in the school, but none more important than this one. There are many pupils in our school, and indeed, in every school, who complain that they cannot express their thoughts aloud. Is there any remedy better than debating? All our lives we shall be judged by our spoken words. Surely, High School, with its small audience is a good place to practice. Think how absurd it would be if on being asked for an opinion we were first obliged to write it out. We hope before the end of this year to be able to do inter-school debating. Rivalry could run as high for a debate as for a game, and it would give another group of people an opportunity to

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

distinguish themselves. In view of these facts we are all glad that a debating society has been organized in the Fairhaven High School.

One of the improvements worthy of note this year is the surrounding of the athletic field with canvas, thereby forcing everyone to pay. The pupils still have the fun of selling tickets outside the field, but the school is helped by everyone who attends. I think many people liked the idea of allowing those who could not pay to enjoy the game, but we find that many of those without tags are well able to pay. There is no reason why we should provide free entertainment for such people, and, also, for those who loudly criticize our team and school. I can think of no high school where admission is not charged to the football games and some charge even more than we do. We hope by this method to benefit the team.

Now that the football season is almost gone and we modestly admit that we've enjoyed a good one, our fancy lightly turns to thoughts of basketball.

We should turn out a good team this year and in passing, I should like to remark that large sized gatherings of Fairhaven rooters at the games, never discourage our players in the least. In other words, support the team!

Our reverend coach, Mr. Borah, has already ordered the basketball equipment. By the way, the suits will be of an entirely different type this year. Our crossword puzzle uniforms will be seen no more. The boys wore them out playing checkers last summer! Mr. Borah, however, has designed and ordered some very snappy looking suits. We happened to see the drawings before they were sent in and feel that we must congratulate our coach on his artistic endeavors.

The picture of the basketball jersey was very well drawn and plainly labelled "Jersey" so that no mistake was possible. The drawing of the trunks was very generous as to size about the waist. On the whole, the designs were very neat, but I could not help noticing that Mr. Borah said at the end of his letter, "If you can't understand these drawings let me know, and I'll send you some."

The Judge Loses His Temper

WITH admirable restraint, the Judge choked back a particularly expressive cuss-word. No, today he would not lose his temper, if he could jolly well help it. It was bad for a person to get angry—interfered with the digestion, and all that.

After making this heroic resolve, the Judge crawled about on hands and knees till he had recovered the unruly collar-button that had so sorely tried his early-morning equanimity. He then rose to his feet and, glancing at his watch in its overnight position on the bureau, saw that he had barely time to breakfast and reach the Courthouse by nine. So with his feelings well under control, he ate rapidly the burnt offering his wife was accustomed to lay before him.

During his brisk walk to the Courthouse, the Judge observed that the day would be warm. In fact, it turned out to be very warm. The excessive heat, together with the large number of petty cases on the docket and the stupidity of the many witnesses, did not tend to improve the tempers of the lawyers. Though sorely tried, the Judge smiled serenely. He would not lose his temper.

At last there came to the stand, a man, who after having one story squeezed from him, retracted it, and told another. The perspiring lawyer flared up. The Judge, however, placed his finger tips together and in a this-hurts-me-more-than-it-does-you tone of voice said:

"Let us keep calm. It is warm, I know. But let us consider this man's point of view. He is not necessarily a liar because he tells two tales."

The Judge fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, smiled, and went on, "For instance, I would have sworn a moment ago that I had my watch in my pocket but I now remember that it is at home on my bureau."

In this manner, the Judge saw to it that the Court "pursued the even tenor" of its way. At the close of the session, he hastened homeward. His wife met him at the door.

"I should like to know why you cause such a fuss when you want an errand done?" she demanded.

"What's the matter now?" countered the Judge, evenly.

"What's the matter! You ask that, when I've had to answer the door to no less than three of your men?"

"I still don't understand."

(Concluded on page 20)

“The Little Sister of Mercy”

IN a little town in France there lived a French girl called Renée Lesperon. She was a sweet-faced slip of a girl, with big black eyes looking out of a small heart-shaped face surrounded by a luxuriant mass of dark-brown hair. Renée was an orphan and lived with a cousin in a small hut on the outskirts of the village. When the war broke out Renée decided to help, but when she offered herself at the hospitals the nurses looked astonished and merely told her she was far too young. This made her so angry that she determined to show the nurses that she could help.

Two months later Renée was established and flourishing in her new work of ministering to the tired, hungry and wounded soldiers who came her way. She became known far and wide as “The Little Sister of Mercy” and she did her best to live up to the name the adoring soldiers placed upon her.

Early in the spring of 1917 it so happened that a large attack was being made on a French detachment not far from where Renée was living. Each evening many soldiers came to the little house for coffee, soups and sometimes bandages for wounds. As her business grew Renée put cots into her little house with money procured from charitable friends. The more severely wounded occupied these cots until they were able to walk and then they made way for others.

The last of May saw the first summer weather coming. One night an unusually weary group of soldiers gathered at the little house.

An officer, one Henri Cochet, detached himself from the general group and approached the girl as she stood surveying the room from the doorway. As he drew near he spoke, “Mademoiselle, I wish to warn you—a German spy is in this neighborhood—yesterday he was fired upon but escaped and no one knows exactly where he is, so please be careful.”

“Monsieur,” answered the girl, “do you think I am yet a child that I cannot take care of myself. I and my little house stand for kindness to all and no one would harm us.”

“Ah! Mademoiselle,” sighed the officer, “little do you know of German soldiers and their ways.” As he said these words he walked slowly back to the center of the room with the girl beside him. The others saw them approaching and lively chatter broke out among them.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

All faces brightened as the men, wearied and wounded, looked at the chit of a girl who meant so much to them in their present time of need.

At eleven that evening the little house was quiet save for an occasional moan from the room where the wounded were. The girl was making ready for bed when suddenly a sound outside arrested her movements. As she raised the curtain and gazed out into the night she perceived a man lying on the ground, his upturned face shining white in the light of the moon. Quickly slipping on her dress the girl made her way out of the house. Lifting the head of the man the girl saw, with a start, that the man was in the uniform of a German soldier. She pulled from her pocket the ever ready box of simple remedies which she carried and gave a bit of brandy to the soldier, forcing it into his mouth. Slowly he came to and sitting up looked dazedly at the girl. In a low voice Renée spoke to him and urged him to try to stand that she might help him into the house. At length, he arose and, guided by Renée, was lead into the house. She took him into her room and asked him what his business was. He understood no word of what she said and shook his head in despair. As he sat down on the edge of the bed he fainted once more and Renée rushed to his aid. On opening his shirt she exposed an ugly shoulder wound and soon had it deftly and securely bandaged. She managed to get him into bed and that night she sat up and watched.

Early in the morning the German awoke. By signs Renée made him understand that she had found his secret dispatches. The soldier made a gesture of resignation and motioned the girl to go out of the room. In five minutes when the girl tapped on the door he was up and dressed. At this moment a troop of French cavalry men drew rein in front of the house and came into the front room loudly asking for "The Little Sister of Mercy." Renée went out and spoke to them and bade them make themselves at home.

Plainly agitated she went back to the German soldier and made him understand that she would help him to escape if he would go back to the German lines, leaving his dispatches with her. He agreed to this and while the French soldiers chatted out in front, a bulky-looking figure left by the back door and made its way rapidly toward the west, where lay the German lines. Renée had managed to fit him out with a priest's robe to cover his uniform.

Five minutes after his departure the girl came into the living room bearing steaming cups of coffee. She had burned the dispatches that no

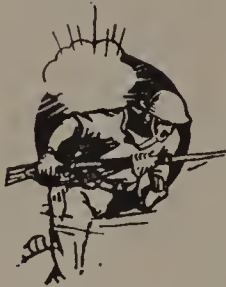
THE HUTTLESTONIAN

harm might come to anyone. Throughout the night she found herself wondering if the so-called "enemy" had reached his lines safely. No word came back, however.

At the close of the war a letter came addressed to "The Little Sister of Mercy." Within was the munificent sum of fifty thousand francs and a note in rather weak French saying:

"To The Little Sister of Mercy" who remembered, at a time when she might well have forgotten, that one Great God watches over and loves us all."

HOPE E. DUDGEON, '27



(Concluded from page 17)

His wife snorted, "No? Well, they said you sent them for your watch. Left it on the bureau, you did. Naturally, I gave it to the first man."

"I sent no men!" said the Judge, blankly. And then, we are sorry to say, he lost his temper in a deplorable manner.

FREDERICK M. MOSS, '27

The Find

One day, Character
Garbed in the dress of a human being,
Came down upon this earth
From her lofty pedestal,
That she might find a person
Who was trying to make the best
Of all life's bumps, knocks, and discouragements.

Finally,
She entered a huge white tent,
A circus tent, bedecked in flags,
And containing the attractions
That go to make up such an affair.
Underneath the white top,
Hundreds upon hundreds of people
Were expectantly sitting,
Watching the happenings in
The lighted three rings.

Character, among these people
Found personalities of all types.
Interesting people,
Some you cared to know; to have as a friend;
Others you did not favor.

And so it was here,
That character found the person of
her ideals.
Found him in the form of
A Clown.
The man who day after day
No matter how he might feel
Must needs come before these
people,
His audience,
for the moment
To make them laugh and forget

What a combat life really is,
If you make the most of it.
'Twas the clown who forgot
Himself, in serving others.
Who concealed his feelings
Behind smiles,
And laughed
Tho' it hurt!

DOROTHEA R. PAULL, '26.



Mr. Shelley: "You are on the football team, are you not, Cook?"

George Cook: "Yes, when they are not on me!"

James Catlow (Coming into Senior Shorthand Class): "I would like 'The Ancient Mariner.'"

Miss Freeman: "Does anyone know where Miss Siebert keeps 'The Ancient Mariner?'"

Class: "In the closet."

Harold Sylvada: "Oh, he's all right in his way."

Walter Keuchler: "Yes, but he doesn't weight much!"

Mr. Shelley: "Miss Parshley, what is the meaning of 'Ich weiss nicht?'"

Miss Parshley (hesitating): "I don't know."

Mr. Shelley: "Correct."

First Freshman: "Have you heard about the nine Scotchmen who contributed a sum of money to a pool? The pool was to go to the one who could hold his head under water the longest?"

Second Freshman: "Which one won?"

First Freshman: "They all drowned."

Editor: "One of the sophomores told me the other day that he went to sleep and dreamed that he owed me ten dollars."

Assistant: "Yes?"

Editor: "And then he woke up and was afraid to go to sleep again for fear he'd pay me!"

Miss Siebert: "Fred, what was your choice for the book-report?"

Fred Simmons: "I chose a book on art."

Miss Siebert: "You are interested in art?"

Fred Simmons: "Oh, no, not particularly; 'Art' is my middle name, Miss Siebert."

Instructor: "You will have to stop this under current!"

Student: "There's a raisin!"

Miss Siebert: "I want everyone to take his seat."

Eunice Hirst: "Where to?"

Mrs. Dodge (to pupil): "Give me the third person singular, perfect indicative of the verb iubeo."

Pupil: "Iubet."

Mrs. Dodge: "Wrong, iussit." He Sat!!

The Observant Student

Item taken from the Boston Herald of Sunday, October the twenty-fourth:

“Dooley, the Dartmouth safety man, had a tough time when the Harvard backs got loose in the secondary.”

Item taken from the Fairhaven War Cry:

“Peters and Bollea, the Dartmouth safety men, had a tough time when the Fairhaven backs, H. Macomber and Cook, got loose in the secondary.”

Some day Fairhaven is going to lose some yardage if the policemen don't keep the youngsters off the field when a touchdown is being made. The youngsters don't know any better, but the policemen ought to know that if more than twenty-two players and the officials are on the football field, the offending team is going to get penalized, and it may mean a touchdown lost.

The local papers, ever “sympathizing” with the losing team, said that Dartmouth failed to stop our attack in the last quarter because the Dartmouth team was getting weary from playing on the offensive. Every time Eddie, and Freddie Moss, jumped over the center onto someone's neck, the Dartmouth team got wearier and wearier!

The bottle of hair tonic mentioned in last year's “Huttlestonian” for Mr. Pidgeon's use might be handed on to his successor.

What would Mr. Borah do without George Cook to signify by his presence that every one was out of the locker rooms?

The Senior Class has increased its budget. Why not appropriate funds to get:

“Mac” and Charlie Burns, new hats—

Jimmie Hossely, an orange sweater—

Web Brown, some new red neckties—

Eddie Hawes, a bow-tie—

“Pop”, some peroxide—

“Eddie” Hunyack, some fried scallops and

George Damon, an ice cream cone—

Bill Dexter, a tent for his harem—

(Concluded on page 36)

Bristol County Football Champions



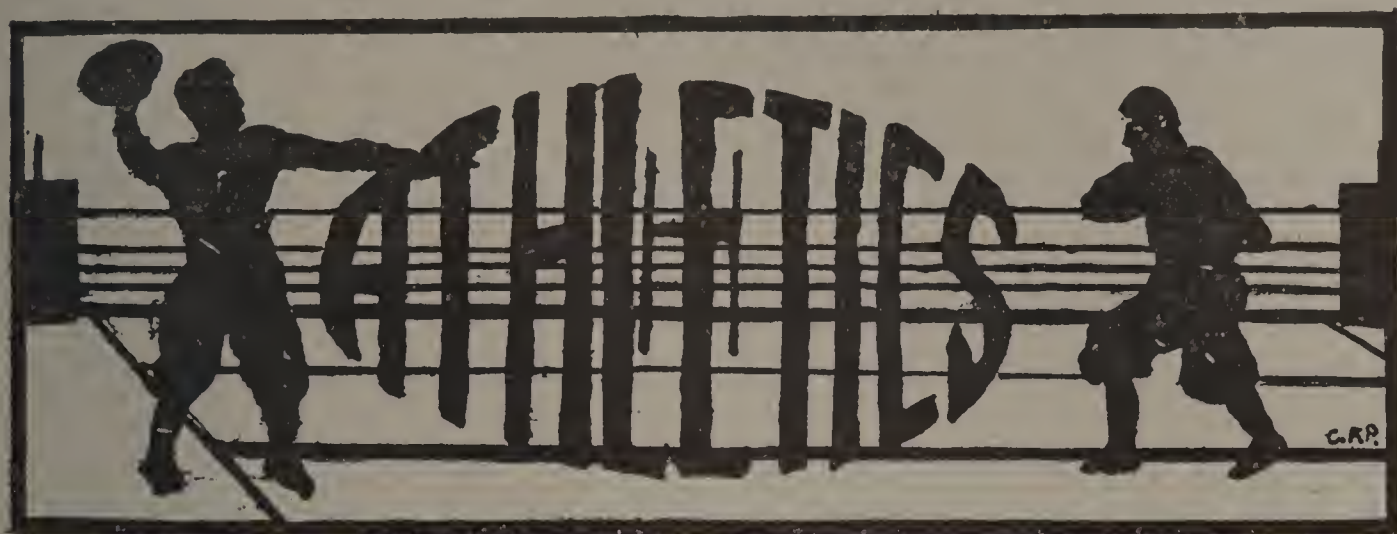
FAIRHAVEN HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL SQUAD 1926

Front row, left to right—Alden, Silva, Wood, Slocum, Terhune, H. Macomber.

Second row, left to right—Freitas, Silveira, Rocha, Hammond, Dunham, Entin, Perry.

Third row, left to right—Hirst (Manager), Garcia, Wlodyka, Dexter, Moss, R. Macomber, McGowan, Aiken, Cook, Beal, Coach Borah.

Back row, left to right—Hossley and Burns.



FAIRHAVEN 15 — HOPE STREET HIGH 0

In the opening game of the season, played September 25 in the stadium, Fairhaven defeated a much heavier Hope High team 15-0. However, the Providence Gridders showed lack of practice in tackling and handling the ball and had very little to show in the way of an offense. With the score standing at 12-0 Harold Macomber booted the best field goal via the drop-kick method, ever seen on the local field. The kick was made from a difficult angle and traveled all of forty yards. Besides "Mac", Warren Aiken and George Cook were outstanding for Fairhaven, while Keegan showed up well for Hope.

FRAMINGHAM 7 — FAIRHAVEN 0

On October 2, over-confidence and lack of strict officiating proved too much for Fairhaven in their first out-of-town game. As is the case with most Fairhaven teams they don't look as good on an opponent's field as they do on their own. Framingham, having ten men of last years' team, walked right through Fairhaven from the first kick-off to score in the first period. Although Fairhaven held them for the rest of the game, they could not make good the endless opportunities to score and the game ended with the score unchanged.

FAIRHAVEN 20 — DURFEE 6

Playing its first "big game," Fairhaven High decisively defeated Durfee High of Fall River at the stadium on Columbus day.

Fairhaven showed a new split formation that completely baffled the Durfee defense.

This game marked the debut of "Russ" Macomber at full-back and he covered himself with glory when he went over for the first touchdown. Brother Harold added the second and Jimmy Hossley scored a third when he intercepted a stray Durfee pass and galloped forty yards for

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the final touchdown. Durfee had two good backs in Riley and Sullivan and they walked right through Fairhaven's weak line without a let up for their only score. The work of Boynton, the Durfee quarter offered a great contrast to the splendid exhibition given by Jim Hossley, the Blue's field general, as he picked his plays poorly and was none too sure in his handling of punts.

FAIRHAVEN 27 — VOCATIONAL 0

Using sweeping end runs and dazzling passes, Fairhaven downed Vocational School of New Bedford at the stadium October 16th.

Although victorious, Fairhaven's line looked weak and lacked charge both on the offense and defense.

Harold Macomber and Warren Aiken were the individual stars each scoring two touchdowns while "Mac" made good three of his four attempts for the point after touchdown.

FAIRHAVEN 35 — DARTMOUTH 6

In their annual contest with Coach Armstrong's husky green jerseyed boys from Dartmouth, Fairhaven pulled through victorious after a very poor start as the score at the end of the half was but 7-6 in Fairhaven's favor.

One would have thought that the team which trotted out to answer the whistle for the second half was an entirely different aggregation. They changed from a listless, defensive team to a speedy offense which quickly tired Dartmouth. In the last minutes H. Macomber and Cook ran wild to bring the grand total to 35. Watkins played a fine game for Dartmouth.

FAIRHAVEN 36 — FALMOUTH 0

Fairhaven literally swamped Lawrence High of Falmouth in the stadium in a listless game October 30. Harold Macomber severely injured his shoulder in the game, but Russell carried on where his brother had left off and scored exactly half of the points with three touchdowns to his credit. George Cook and Charley Stiles, who took Macomber's place, also carried the ball for good gains off-tackle and around the ends. Falmouth had but one man, Frank, the giant full-back, who made a few substantial gains through the center of the line.

FAIRHAVEN 27 — ABINGTON 0

Outplaying a much heavier Abington team all the way, the Blue Streak ran up its fifth straight win in its stadium November 6.

Abington was probably the best team Fairhaven has met this year, having a well-balanced line and a shifty backfield. In the second half they opened up with a split formation that would have raised havoc with a less experienced team.

Both Macomers, McGowan and Aiken showed up well for Fairhaven while Curtin and Clark played well for Abington.

Girls' Athletics

Much interest in field hockey has been shown by the girls in all classes this season and a schedule of twelve inter-class games has been arranged. A hockey emblem will be awarded to the members of the class team who win the majority of games, and class numerals will be given to the girls who participate in the required number of games. Six of the games have been played with the following results in score.

Seniors	2	Seniors	4	Freshmen	0
Juniors	1	Juniors	1	Sophomores	0
Sophomores	3	Juniors	1	Freshmen	0
Seniors	2	Sophomores	0	Freshmen	0



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Seniors

Palma Champegny, Captain	Elizabeth Chase
Hope Dudgeon	Loretta Rioux
Rosamond Simmons	Alice Montplaisir
Verda Rothwell	Majorie Knowles
Evelyn Perry	Alice Henshaw
Marion Roos	Edith Kenney
Christine McLeod	Priscilla Alden

Juniors

Marie Rousseau, Captain	Katherine Flores
Elizabeth Hatfield	Marjorie Howe
Dolores Rousseau . .	Beatrice Humphrey
Marion Bryant	Ruth Ritchie
Rose Walsh	Phyllis Brownell
Louise Greenhalge	Miriam Owen
Shirley Driver	Edith Young
Mary Silva	Mary O'Leary

Eunice Hirst

Sophomores

Alice O'Leary, Captain	Edith Rogers
Gladys Hebden	Jane Stetson
Hilda Jason	Elen Meal
Marjorie McCracken	Ruth Waldron
Marjorie Winterbottom	Agnes Figuerido
Doris Diggle	Helen George
Clara Fournier	Marion Milhench
Marion Whiting	Gertrude Stiles

Freshmen

Doris Hinckley, Captain	Millicent Price
Gladys Braley	Natalie Emery
Eleanor Darby	Elsie Silva
Lena Noel	Margaret Louney
Eleanor Fletcher	Elizabeth O'Leary
Irene Ellis	Elsie Furtado
Ruth McCracken	Regina Damm
Agnes Silvera	Alice Barber
Alice Sylvia	Dorothy Hathaway
Jane Quinten	Helen Hiller
Lillian Perry	Margaret Mullaney

The Fate of Lord Kale

ON a crisp October morning in the year 1765, the wealthy Lord Kale lay dying at his beautiful estate of Cold Cash on the Thames, in northern England.

His handsome young wife waited upon his every word and gesture. She had been a waitress before her marriage. But she was evidently greatly distressed as she murmured to herself, "I really shouldn't have eaten so many lobsters and watermelons for lunch. And that last cabbage was a little too much for my delicate stomach."

Even as she said this and sighed, she calculated pensively the amount of money coming to her in event of the death of Lord Kale, her unfortunate husband who was dying from some mysterious disease. Lady Kale was in the midst of her thoughts when she was suddenly interrupted by a most terrific clanking and groaning accompanied by horrible screams and squawks. These noises grew steadily louder and more awful in addition to being interspersed with hideous shrieks and squeals of agony.

Lady Kale turned so pale from fright that even her rouge hardly showed. She rushed to the window, looked out, and then drew a tremendous breath of relief.

"Thank God!" she said. "It is only the doctor. I had forgotten that he drives a Ford now!"

At these words the face of her husband brightened with hope but immediately darkened with despair once more, as he reflected that even if the doctor should cure him, the bill for doing so would ruin him. Lord Kale was only worth £200,000.

In the meantime the front door was opened quickly, footsteps were heard in the corridor outside, and then Doctor Knockem entered the room. He was a tall, powerful man. He had been a horse doctor in his better days. His gloomy, melancholy countenance seemed to be cast in lines of suppressed satisfaction as he fixed his solemn gaze on the face of his victim. For a moment he surveyed him in silence, and then Lady Kale began to sob in dread of what sad message his words would convey.

The doctor, however, merely removed a large piece of chewing tobacco from his mouth, and in three great strides was at the side of his victim.

"Lord Kale," he said in a deep, sonorous voice, which seemed to hint already of funeral ceremonies, "You are not sick. You are perfectly healthy except for one thing. You seem to have a combination of several

(Concluded on page 33)



The Commercial Club

ON Wednesday, October the sixth, the Commercial Club Seniors initiated the Juniors into the M. Y. O. B. Club. Each Junior was blindfolded and led by a Senior into the gymnasium. The screams and yells heard soon after, would have told you what fun (?) the Juniors were having. After going through numerous forms of torture, the Juniors were seated in a circle and each had a chance to perform. Then each one promised to live up to the shorthand pledge which is as follows:

"I solemnly swear,
By the hair of my head,
To each night do my shorthand
Before going to bed.
I'll not park under lamp posts,
Or sit on a stone wall,
For the next day in Class
My shorthand will fall."

Ice Cream and cookies were served and dancing followed.

The next party will be at Christmas. Several changes have been made in the Commercial Department. Miss Russell is the head of the Department, with Miss Freeman and Miss Griswold as assistants.

The system of Shorthand has also been changed. This year's Senior Class will be the last class to use the Chandler method. The Gregg System is now being used.

The Latin Prize Story

This is the only freshman prize story which ever received the score of 100 in the Fairhaven High School.

It was written as a test in class after seven days of Latin. The pupil had never seen a Latin book.

Editor's Note.

Regina bona ad casam parvam nautae et filiae pulchrae habitat. Filia pulchra reginam bonam amat et Galba, nauta, ad casam reginae cum filia parva properat et reginam ad aquam vocat. Puella parva cum regina habitat dum nauta est in aqua.

PHILIP GIDLEY, '30

TRANSLATION OF STORY

The good queen lives near the small cottage of the sailor and his beautiful daughter. The pretty daughter loves the good queen and Galba, the sailor, hastens to the cottage of the queen with his small daughter and calls the queen to the water. The little girl lives with the queen while the sailor is on the water.

In the first Freshman vocabulary play-off for Group I, Miss Bessie Freitas' team led with a team score of 98%.

The members of the team are:

Miss Bessie Freitas, Capt.
Philip Gidley, Sec.

Edgar Almy
Geo. Spangenburg

The following pupils in the class had a perfect score and are eligible to try for the class pin:

Gladys Braley
Kenneth Campbell
Doris Clark

Priscilla Browne
Walter Henshaw
Betty O'Leary

Bessie Freitas
Philip Gidley
Agnes Broadland

Recollections of a High School Girl

A Day in a Girl's High School

By CLAIRE HUCHET

(Translated from the French "*Le Petit Journal*")

IT was half-past eight and we were entering the school through the large gate which made a dark red spot on the grey of the building. Soon we were disappearing behind the porter's lodge into the narrow corridors painted dull blue and reddish brown. In the center of the courtyard a few chestnut trees were planted and there we formed chattering groups where we laughed and planned tricks while awaiting the hour for classes to begin. We never walked alone or two together; that was forbidden, we were always in groups of at least three. Two strokes of the bell! As we were in the upper class, we were allowed to enter the classrooms as we pleased; all the other pupils had to form in line. But in every classroom we were forbidden to speak. The strict observation of this rule was assured by a personage who was the object of our scorn and hatred, and who is called in the scholars' language, "the pion", meaning, "the usher", or "policeman." We thought that only a person good for nothing else would be willing to act as policeman. But what pleasure was ours when we succeeded in escaping his vigilance and in speaking on the way from the courtyard to classes, without being caught. We threw ourselves into this game with a veritable passion and the policeman who was supposed to keep the school gloomy, changed it into an abode of little imps.

From half-past eight till half-past eleven it is not exaggerating to say that we were travelling in an enchanted country. From hour to hour in the classes, the professors, men and women, who came there, used so much imagination that the mornings always passed too quickly for our liking. However, no kind of intimacy existed between us, pupils and professors; no relation outside that of the classroom; we never visited them at their homes and at school it would have appeared to them out of place and improper to have a few minutes' conversation with us on a subject other than that on the programme. There were only fifteen or twenty of us pupils, but the rule that made us stand up at the arrival or departure of the professors put a barrier between us and them.

At noon, the boarders went to the dining-hall and the others went to their homes for lunch. We had an hour to eat lunch and still another

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hour to prepare or look over what we had not had time to do the day before.

From two o'clock till five o'clock, more classes; then we returned home with a bag full of books under our arms and with notebooks that showed work for several hours. At ten or eleven o'clock we were often found engrossed in our work or sleeping, pen in hand.

Thursday, the holiday, we were scarcely able to allow ourselves more than two hour's liberty and Sunday the same. The school programme did not permit more and it was almost impossible to divert our attention for a few minutes outside of school hours.

Examinations ended, a part of the girls married, others took situations, others continued their studies, leading the same monotonous and serious life which should contradict the reputation for frivolity that is given to us. We did not know how to amuse ourselves and even now know very little about amusement. That is why the French girls like the American schools so much; schools where they know how to laugh and live but where they work—let us rejoice at this—a little less than at home.

EDITH G. KENNY, '27

(Concluded from page 29)

minor ailments, mere trifles, such as stiffening of the veins, hardening of the arteries, softening of the brain, protuberance of the chest, contraction of the liver, and cold feet. Outside of these trivial things you are in good health and you should recover providing you do not die. I should advise absolute rest and vigorous exercise. That is all I have to say to you to-day. I will send the bill for my services tomorrow."

And so saying, Doctor Knockem left the room, slamming the door so violently that a large picture which hung over the bed, fell and struck the head of Lord Kale with such force that he immediately died after shrieking with his last breath, "I'm framed!"

Thus ends my sad story of the fate of Lord Kale and I hope that all will perceive the moral it does not contain.

GEORGE M. COOK, '27

Music Appreciation

IN the study of Music Appreciation we have taken up the growth of music from the earliest times to the period in history when Rome was at its greatest height in power and culture. We have also noted the development of the organ from the simple river-reed instrument known as Pan's Pipe to the Chinese sheng and hydraulic.

The Birth of Christ changed music from Pagan to Christian; and when Constantine embraced Christianity the early Christians were no longer obliged to worship in the Catacombs. Magnificent cathedrals and churches took their places and organs and trained choirs were established within them.

In our "listening lessons" we have had various selections played on the victrola such as "Traumerei" by Schumann, "Melody in A. Major" by our vice-president, Dawes, and the "Melody in F" by Rubinstein. In these compositions we have learned to recognize an "Introduction" which is a preparation for what is to follow, the "Cadenza", an instrumental or vocal flourish which usually serves as a connecting link between movements, and last of all, the "Coda" or ending, which is more or less elaborate. Sometimes it consists of chords in various positions, and sometimes it contains fragments of the principal melody. It is true that all compositions do not contain any of these three mentioned. They are not necessary, but merely serve as an added attraction.

DORIS DIGGLE, '29



Model Boat Building

MODEL boat building usually leads to a more general and better understanding of naval and marine construction. One cannot but think of larger ships and make comparisons as he works on his model. This science has already passed beyond the stage of the amateur, and reached the point where it may be called a well organized science with regular club houses and ponds made for model viewing.

The boats are constructed according to the "bread and butter" or form method. In each of these methods plans are taken from a model. The latter often is found to be unique designs of the builder's own.

A very successful boat can be turned out by an inexperienced person if he carefully follows his plans, and a great deal of pleasure may be derived from both the making and sailing of a well-made boat.

Our advanced classes are building a few larger boats, while the freshman divisions are building a twenty-four inch model with a Marconi rig.

ARTHUR B. COE, '28



Model Boats Made in Manual Training Department

Jane's Opportunity

OH MOTHER," cried Jane, "I've had the loveliest time in sewing today. Since I've been absent the girls have begun sewing. Some have finished their first garment and commenced their second one."

"You'll have to hurry to catch up," answered Mother.

"Yes, I will, but my teacher is willing to help me after school. Vivian has made the sweetest kimona. It is lavender trimmed with light pink, and is made after the japanese style. Catherine is making a light blue night-gown and Grace is making a set of underwear."

"What would you like to make?" questioned Mother.

"Oh, I'd like to make a night-gown to wear when I visit cousin Louise. I saw a cute pattern in the last 'Vogue Quarterly'."

"Why don't you make it of pale yellow? It is becoming and matches your kimona," suggested Mother.

"That would be fine. When can I get the material? Miss Gifford wants me to start as soon as possible."

"Get it when you go over for your lesson."

"That's great! I'm going to learn how to use the machine too."

"You know, Jane, when I went to school, sewing was not taught. I hope you will make good use of your opportunity. It will help me so much when you are able to make some of your own clothes."

CAROLINE G. TYLER, '30

(Concluded from page 23)

The football team has welcomed two veterans, "Mannie Skinner" and Gordon Beal, and also a "new" dummy.

A "yes" or "no" question in American History. "Although Fred Moss is here, all intact, within our midst, is it true that Professor Heberlien of the Netherland Government Medical Service found the skull of the pithecanthropus erectus or the missing link." Answer was "yes". Only the author of the question knew what Mossies' answer was.

(Editor's note: The author was made to eat his own base insinuations.)

Coach "Del" Borah presents at the
Durfee Game
Warren Aiken in

"The Injured End" or "Brought to Life" supported by a bum knee and a cost of twenty-one players and three officials.

Cooking

HAVE you ever thought of the process by which we preserve fruit, and the reason why? Every autumn many of the housewives preserve jars of fruit. I wonder if they know the reason why it will keep good for so long a time. Preserving is often done because every one else does it.

Preserving, done perfectly, is a science. There are two methods of preserving. One is the Cold Pack Method and the other is the Open Kettle Method.

Many people of today prefer the Cold Pack Method which saves time and also is very economical. One does not need to use as much sugar and the fruit is not broken so easily.

In this method the fruit and jars are sterilized at the same time. The fruit is packed into the jar and a syrup is added. Then the rubber ring and cover are put on, fastened by one wire. This is done because the steam must have a place to escape. After it has cooked the required length of time the jar is removed from the water and the second clamp is fastened. The jar is now air-tight.

If berries are preserved by this method it is sometimes necessary to remove seeds from the rubber-band before the jar is made air-tight.

Not until I entered the cooking class of this High School did I understand why we preserve fruit and the process by which it is done. I'm sure all the pupils have found it a very interesting subject.

PRISCILLA WRIGHTINGTON, '28

Surprised

As I was standing beside a lake,
I heard a little rattle-snake ;
And when I saw the son-of-a-gun,
I turned on my heel and up an' run.

MARJORIE S. HOWE, '28

General Science

WITH Fire Prevention Week came some interesting work in General Science. Many experiments were tried out in class, and an unusually interesting one was the operation of a fire extinguisher. Two members of the class made a miniature fire extinguisher using the same chemicals and operating it in the same way in which the well known fire extinguisher is operated. A small fire was made by burning a piece of paper in an agate pan and the fire extinguisher used to extinguish it. This demonstration before the class proved very successful in showing the class how to operate it correctly.

The regular size fire extinguisher is made up of a strong metal cylinder nearly filled with a solution of baking soda. Firmly fixed in the top of this cylinder is a bottle half filled with sulphuric acid. There is an opening in the top of the cylinder to which is attached a rubber tube with a nozzle. When the extinguisher is inverted, the solution of baking soda mingles with the acid and rapidly generates carbon dioxide. The pressure of the gas forces the solution out of the nozzle and onto the fire.

Carelessness is one of the chief causes of fire. Follow the suggestions below and the loss by fire will be greatly diminished.

Do not leave around accumulations of oily and dirty rags.

Do not store hay before it is thoroughly dried.

Do not leave newspapers and magazines in a dark unventilated place.

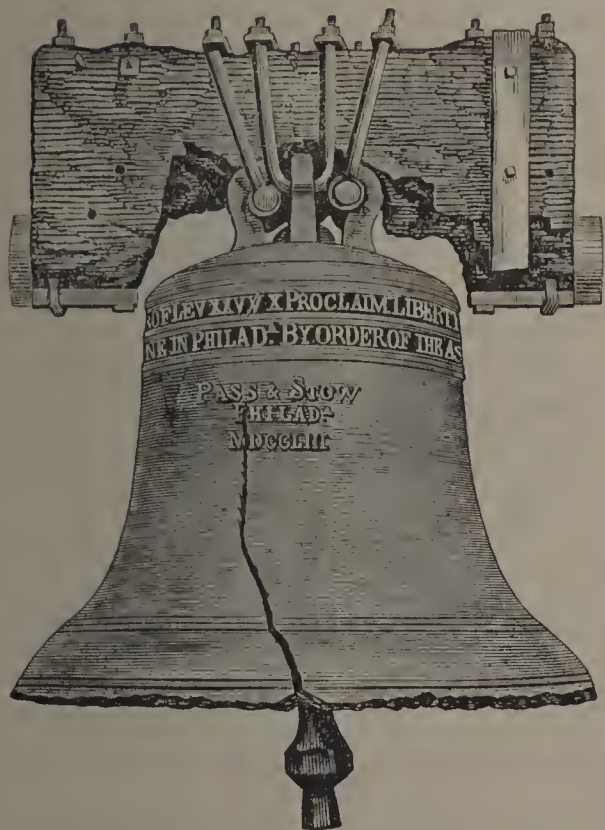
Do not allow leaves to remain in a protected nook.

Do not leave a campfire until the last spark is extinguished and the ground about it has been thoroughly drenched with water.

EVELYN BROADBENT, '30



The Sesqui-Centennial



SINCE 1926 is the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, it is fittingly observed by an exposition in Philadelphia, called the "Sesqui-Centennial." This exposition opened June first and is to remain open until December first. The Mayor of Philadelphia, the Hon. W. F. Kendrick is the chief executive of this celebration. Although the cost of the buildings has been very great, the stadium, I believe, is the only one that will be permanent. The Liberty Bell, which is of so much interest to us all, is not on the "Sesqui" grounds but in Independence Hall with which it has always been associated.

Broad Street leading to the "Sesqui", is arrayed with the flags of all the states and countries. For many miles, as you approach the main entrance, you can see the huge imitation Liberty Bell extending across the street. It is studded with red, white and blue electric lights, which makes a wonderful sight at night.

Immediately within the main entrance, on the right, is a huge auditorium containing the largest pipe organ in the world. There are thousands of seats in this building and each day concerts are given by noted organists and orchestras. To rest here after travelling over the extensive grounds is to find pleasure and inspiration.

Opposite this auditorium is the building of Liberal Arts and Manufacturers containing exhibits from all the countries of the world, and many concerns and types of business have their displays. The Japanese and Danish exhibits were unusually attractive as the colors blend and harmonize so well. The miniature pearl palace from Japan was wonderful. The A & P store seemed homelike, as did the meat market. The foreign clerks were anxious to sell their wares and among these articles I was surprised to find scarfs just like those to be had in New Bedford.

The Pennsylvania Building impressed me as the most beautiful of all. There seemed to be a violet atmosphere in the central portion of this build-

ing. The walls are pink and the weird and uncanny effect was produced by the sun shining through the skillfully arranged stained glass in the dome. Liberty Bells brought from many towns and various types of old fashioned implements were in one wing of this building; in the other were health exhibits and what the State is trying to do in this line.

Along the "Gladway" were numerous booths and ice cream parlors and such amusements as one can patronize at home any time. The souvenir seller was much in evidence.

I hastily passed through the Education Building for there was so much to see that I could not study everything very thoroughly. After looking at things a long time the mind becomes numb and you feel you are not able to appreciate anything more.

The United States Government Building I liked the best. It had displays of Machinery and things pertaining to Mines and Metallurgy. A money-coining machine from the United States Mint attracted much attention, as did another machine stamping Liberty Bells upon handkerchiefs. Some visitors seemed to be more interested in souvenirs than the finest of the artistic exhibits. This building contained small and intricate machinery as well as the largest of presses, and even airplanes. There were fish and everything pertaining to fish. An exhibition of grains and the various stages of their development was very interesting. I found this the most instructive department of the exposition.

There were too many things to appreciate them all, and time forbade me to linger long, but these which I have mentioned, with the replicas of Mount Vernon and Washington's ancestral home in England, are the most outstanding in my mind.

The Exposition as a whole was interesting and instructive although unfinished. The grounds were attractive with flowers and shrubbery, fountains lagoons, and very powerful searchlights causing beautiful reflections. The total impression I will never forget although the memory of many details will soon fade.

MIRIAM I. OWEN, '28



SINCE the opening of school in September the Faculty have been especially active.

Early in the month the Fairhaven Union Teachers' Association gathered at Mary's Pond for a "Bean Frolic". It was a splendid opportunity for making the acquaintance of the teachers who had joined our force during the summer.

A banquet was held at the High School by the Fairhaven Union Teachers' Association in November. Mr. George H. Tripp was the speaker of the evening.

The Faculty program for the remainder of the calendar year includes a Christmas party and a concert by the Bowdoin College Glee Club.

The University Extension Courses in "Musical Appreciation" under the direction of Miss Bakeman of Boston, and in "Modern American Literature" under the direction of Professor Rogers of Boston University are

attracting a number of the teachers. Word has been received that courses in "Modern French" and "Contemporary Literature" are to be offered early in the new year.



Even-tide

I sat in the dusk at twilight,
With many grey shadows about.
I watched all the grey become black night,
And all the bright stars come out.

I knew not that I was cold;
Astronomy held me awed.
The heavens were bright, and bold
New codes quickly flashed abroad.

Then I with a shiver turned homeward,
But on me a spell had been cast.
So glancing again to the heav'nward,
I saw the moon rising fast.

The moon rose majestic'lly upward,
The stars seemed to shine with pride;
The ones that were bad fell downward,
The rest on the moonbeams could ride.

THAIS B. MAXFIELD, '26

AUTUMN'S BETROTHAL

From out the north a trumpet sounds
That swirls the autumn leaves aground
Leaving the trees stand gaunt and cold
Weaving a tapestry of gold.
Chorus of birds chirping farewell
Winging southward where blossoms dwell.

Dew of the evening, diamond mist
Frosts hill and dale where winter kist
Down thro' the pines sifts cold moonlight
As purple shadows pilot night
Winter's troth with autumn plighted
The seasons soon will be united.

HELEN MARTIN, '28.

Exchanges Received Since September

THE PILGRIM

THE PLYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL, PLYMOUTH, MASS.

"The Pilgrim" is set up in the best form for a small school periodical. The magazine is more attractive with the adds at the end and a clean beginning when you open the book. The two cuts heading the editorial and literary pages are good. Why not have the artist draw others to head other departments? The cover is neat and carries a pleasing design. The athletic department has two good articles but not much space given to accounts of the games and the meets participated in. Remember that a critic will always look first to the thing of interest to him, and as this exchange editor was interested in athletics he was disappointed in finding less than he expected.

THE ALPHA

NEW BEDFORD HIGH SCHOOL, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

I mean two things when I say that it's the same old Alpha! First, that it's the same well edited magazine from across the river and second that it's the same "Alpha". You have a big school. Get it to contribute and help the "Alpha" out. Don't let the staff work it's head off. Have everyone chip in, each with his specialty. Put more originality in the literary department. I envy all those ads, but they could carry a bigger more extensive book.

The class history and the prophecies are the best read in two or three years.

THE QUARTERLY

STAMFORD HIGH SCHOOL, STAMFORD, CONN.

A very complete magazine edited by a complete staff. Your wood cuts are well designed. Every department is well represented and you deserve much credit for their treatment. We congratulate you on your fine editorial staff and the fine school spirit backing the publication. Many larger schools cannot get out such a creditable book. I like the two styles of paper used, and the photographs on the heavier paper.

THE HANOVERIAN

HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL, HANOVER, MASS.

You have one of the most complete and best edited athletic sections of any school magazine. All your photos are good. Don't have it look too much like the "Saturday Evening Post" with the ads every other page. This makes reading hard and the stories less appreciated. Your cover is well drawn and neat but try a heavy design or drawing next time. I would suggest either change the color or extend the design.

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THE RADIATOR THE HIGH SCHOOL, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Your exchange criticisms touch on the lack of school news in other school periodicals, and after reading your magazine I find that you have sufficient cause to criticise thusly.

The October "Radiator" glows with school news — a real energetic early school year issue. We enjoyed reading the "Who's Who" in the teachers' staff. It shows a strain of news not prevalent in ordinary school papers. The literary department is fortunate in having Miss Alice Dunlap's story and poem, for they are in class A. We still find some difficulty in handling "The Radiator" for it folds too easily, and is not firm enough to handle comfortably.

THE DIAL BRATTLEBORO HIGH SCHOOL, BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT

It would be more uniform since your pages are so large, if each department took up one page—beginning and ending on the same page. You have two splendid editorials on page seven! In reading your "School Notes" I was interested in the account of the debate at the football rally of September 24. You have a very complete Alumni page. I don't like the Table of Contents hidden way over on page 17, nor do I think the ads in the back of "The Dial" attractive packed in as they are, one after the other. I do enjoy your History and Science Departments. They are well edited.

THE HARPOON (June 1926) DARTMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL, DARTMOUTH, MASS.

We'd first like to comment on the pleasing appearance of "The Harpoon," and the good printing job. All the photos are good. It's the most complete, well formed, well edited, smaller high school magazine that we've received this year. We find something different, in that, you have put the editorial department after the literary department and not before it. You have also a very complete athletic write-up. Your little page introduces the book to the reader better than any "Foreward" or "Dedication."

Control

(Editor's Note: This story, written by Gordon MacKay, one of our 1926-1927 Post Graduate students was taken from "The Review" of the Lowell High School).

Far up in the hills the windows of a little cabin danced with light. The doctor and his hunting companion were discussing, between long puffs of their pipes, just to what extent a man controlled his mind.

"Now," said the doctor, "in Poe's story a man was looking thru a window at a distant mountain summit. On account of the distance his visual angle was small. Across the window and into his line of vision crept a tiny bug. Thinking this insect to be on the peak of the mountain, the man's mind constructed it in proportion to the mountain. In great excitement he reported having seen a creature as large as a Sphinx."

"My dear fellow," replied the other, "that is absurd. No one in his right mind could have been so misled. If he lacked the power of deductive reasoning, common sense would have shown him the folly of it all."

"But," argued the doctor, "one can't always regulate the action of the mind. One of the cruelest tortures of the Spanish Inquisition was to strap the prisoner in a great chair, and from above let fall a drop of water on the prisoner's head every half minute. The blow itself was nothing, but the expectancy and tension of waiting for it shattered the strong man's nerves in a short time."

"What a weak lot they were," scoffed his friend. "All they had to do was to take hold of themselves and say, 'Now look here, this thing can't hurt me. I am going to just sit here and not think of it.'"

"Yes," said the doctor, "a splendid theory. But let's go to bed now if we want to bring down all the birds Don is going to flush tomorrow." As he mounted to his cot in the loft, he heard his friend fixing his bed near the fireplace.

"Here, Don old boy," called his friend as he patted the bed clothes.

"You're not going to let Don sleep with you?" asked the doctor.

"Surely! Why not? He's the biggest part of our outfit, I guess. Well, pleasant dreams of the uncontrollable subconscious, Doc."

In a few minutes the lamps were blown out, the fire died down and they slept.

A thud pulled the Doctor out of his sleep; a scream tore away his lethargy. Hastily he lighted a lantern and fairly fell down from the loft. Once down he saw a terrifying scene being enacted before him. Over and

over on the floor his friend was rolling, swinging his arms and beating the empty air as if engaged in a rough and tumble fight. The dog stood barking furiously. All this time the man was shouting like a madman.

"My dear friend," cried the doctor in alarm, "what in heaven's name is the matter?"

"For God's sake, doctor take this thing off me! It's pounding on my head like an elephant, and I can't even touch it with my hands!" His face contracted in terror and he bent his head as if under repeated blows.

Roughly the doctor shook him.

"Get control of yourself, man! There is nothing in this room except the dog and ourselves."

"I can't hear, I can't hear! It's pounding on my ear like a sledge hammer. My God, I'll go mad! Help me! Help me!"

In a new frenzy he jumped up and ran about the room crazily, then, wrapping his arms about his imaginary enemy but clasping nothing but empty air he fell writhing on the bed.

Completely exhausted his mind gave way, and unconsciousness calmed his ravings.

The doctor looked at him fearfully. Outside the ring of lantern light there was just enough cold moon to make everything an uncertainty. Don's cold nose startled him, as the dog rubbed him and whined up in bewilderment. What a position this was, alone in the mountains with a madman. He shivered without shame. His brain grew cold, but with a professional manner he opened his kit and began to examine his friend. Adjusting his ophthalmoscope, he brought the lantern nearer. A pounding in the ear! There was nothing in the left ear. But as he bent over the right he heard a faint buzzing. The concave mirror threw in light, so that down in the ear drum he saw something he managed to remove with a pair of tiny tweezers. Holding it out in the light he mused thus, "Ah, so this is control of mind. I am afraid, my scoffing friend, that Don has put a flea in your ear."



Columbus and the Flood of Colonists

Lo, he has opened a hole in the dam,
His discovery has battered down the dam of
darkness.

A trickle of water seeps through the break,
Then a mighty flood seeps over the fallen,
barricade.

It is stopped by nature's barrier.
A mighty mountain range.

But no, a tiny stream fights it way through a
crevice,
And another onward rush of the turbulent,
blood-red sea
Over whelms the strife stricken red-men.

This crimson colored ocean has reached the
innermost recesses of the land.
The maroon dye slowly sinks to oblivion,
And leaves a shining mirror surfaced lake.

CHARLES A. STILES, '27



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NOTES:

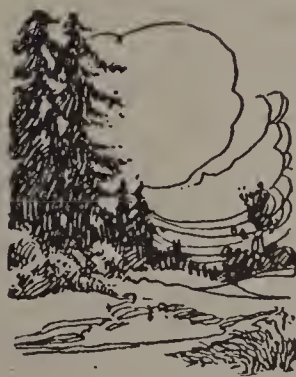
It has been suggested that the Fairhaven High School hire a ward in St. Luke's Hospital, as so many of its students have been there recently. Consequently, two of our class, not to be outdone by the undergraduates found that it was necessary to have their appendix removed. However we are glad to say that Jeanette Demers is now able to continue her P. G. course, and that "Brad" Blossom will soon be able to continue with his music. "Brad" and Clarence are taking private lessons this year in New Bedford.

Of course we were not surprised to hear of the wonderful record our valedictorian, "Pat" Avery is making at Smith. Nevertheless, that does not deter from our pride in her. Sydney Burrell, too, is making good at Harvard. As "Pat" due to her rank in exams at college did not have to take freshman French or English, and Sydney did not have to take English, it certainly speaks well for the heads of those two departments.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

We were very sorry to hear of the loss to Walter Longmore of his mother. Mrs. Longmore died suddenly on October twenty-fifth.

Charles Holland, a freshman in the engineering course at the Rhode Island State College, Kingston, R. I., has been pledged to Beta Phi fraternity. According to rules made by the Polygon, the advisory fraternity body in which each fraternity on the Campus is represented, the actual initiation into fraternities does not take place until February, and at that time only those who have maintained good scholarship are formally taken into active membership.



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